SUPER SOCKS

A Twinkl Original

Words to Look Out For

disappointed *(adjective)*

feeling let down because something didn't turn out how you wanted it to

suggested/suggesting – from **suggest** *(verb)*

give an idea for people to think about

tingle *(noun)*

a bit of a prickly, tickly feeling in your body

excitement *(noun)*

a happy feeling when you are looking forward to something that you think will happen

vibrated – from **vibrate** *(verb)*

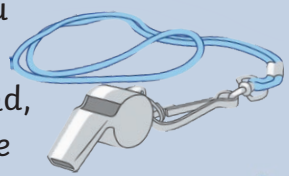
move very quickly one way and then the other, like shaking

instrument *(noun)*

an object that is used to make music

whistle *(noun)*

an object that you blow to make a high-pitched sound, often to get people to stop or to listen



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Twinkl Educational Publishing

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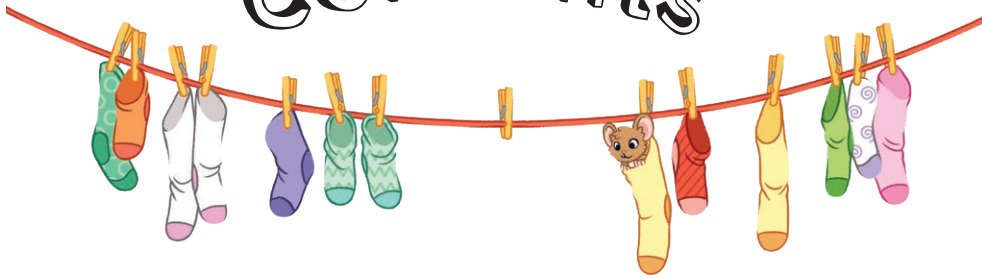

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1

Ollie looked around the living room. He thought he had finished opening all his birthday presents. He knew he had been very lucky this year. There were toys, books and computer games – and wrapping paper everywhere.

"I think you missed one," pointed out his dad. Ollie hadn't spotted it before. It was under the table, past all the others. Ollie wasn't quite sure how he'd not spotted it before.

Unlike the other presents, this one was wrapped only in brown paper and tied with string. There was no card or tag.

'Funny-looking present,' Ollie thought as he began to tear into the plain paper. The excitement soon slipped from his face as he saw what was inside. "Oh, socks. That's a bit snoring boring."

"Well, they're quite snazzy socks," said Mum. She picked up the pack, held together with a belt of cardboard, turning it over in her hands. "There's no need to be rude. Look – each pair is a different colour! Each has a different picture on, too. There's a new pair for every day at school. Who are they from?"

"Dunno," Ollie shrugged. "Doesn't say. Can I play with the new games now?"

"I suppose so," replied Mum. She frowned as she added the socks to the pile of presents.

The next day was Monday. Ollie yawned as he got dressed in his school clothes. Dad handed him the pack of socks he'd received for his birthday. Ollie sat on his bed and pulled on the first pair of socks from the pack, choosing a green pair with a picture of a frog.

Looking in the mirror, he licked his hand and wiped the smudges from his glasses.

As he slid off the bed, he began to notice a funny feeling in his feet. He blinked and looked down, wiggling his toes inside the green socks. It was a feeling he couldn't quite describe – not quite an itching or a rubbing, more like a tingling. He wasn't sure he liked these new socks. He tried to put the feeling out of his head as he grabbed his bag and headed out of the door to school.

After he and Dad arrived at the playground, Ollie ran over to join his friends. His feet were feeling bouncier than usual. It was a bit like being an astronaut on the moon – springing into the air but not being pulled straight back down.

He jumped over Sara's school bag, which she had put down on the ground. But it wasn't a normal, little jump...

His jump was an enormous leap!

It took him up, over the bag and over all of his friends. His legs cycled in the air, as if riding an invisible bike, until he landed safely on the other side of the playground.

"Wow!" cried Sara. "That was amazing! How did you do that?"

"I have no idea," replied Ollie, blinking in surprise, "but it was really good fun!"

For the rest of the day, Ollie kept on jumping.

When the class football got stuck up a tree, Ollie jumped up and safely got it back. His teacher, Miss Janowski, said that it was very impressive, but he should try to keep his feet on the ground unless he wanted to give himself an injury. Ollie was having far too much fun to do *that*.

"The only thing that's different is these green socks," he said to Sara.

"Well, maybe your socks have super jumping powers!" she replied.

Ollie **bounced** and **hurdled** and **sprang** all the way home.

On Tuesday, Ollie was extremely tired from his day of jumping. Still, he got up and looked for the green socks to wear again.

"You can't wear the same smelly socks," said Dad. "They're in the washing basket, now. I'll wash them ready for next week."

Ollie was rather disappointed.

He pulled out another pair from the new pack. This time, they were yellow with a picture of an elephant. He bounced a little to see how they felt. They didn't seem like they had super jumping powers. When he lifted his feet into the air, they came straight back down as normal. However, there was that strange kind of tingle in his feet, which told him something was a little unusual.

Slowly, Ollie walked into the playground to meet Sara.

Not only had he lost his power to jump but, now, his feet began to feel **really heavy**.

It was like dragging two great rocks inside his socks.

The more he walked, the heavier they felt.

"Where are your green, super jumping socks?" asked Sara.

"In the wash!" gasped Ollie, panting like a dog.

"Do the yellow ones have super jumping powers?"

"No! These have a terrible power. The yellow socks seem to be super heavy!"

It was a long, tiring day at school with a long, tiring walk home in wet, windy weather. Mum's umbrella was blown out of her hand. At one point, a strong gust blew her right off her feet. Ollie held on to her tightly. Luckily, his heavy feet were rooted to the ground. His steps were slow and hard work, but he didn't let go of his mum and she didn't get blown away.

At home, Ollie took off the yellow socks and threw them straight into the washing basket.

He looked at the pairs of new socks that were left.

"Does each pair have a different power?" he whispered to himself.

The next day was Wednesday. Ollie chose the red pair of socks. Rushing to get ready, he glanced at the picture of the sun on the side of each one, wondering what today's socks might bring. He walked to school again with Dad. No super jumping power. No heavy feet, either. Nothing...

Nothing *except* for the usual tingle suggesting that something was going to happen.

"Do the red socks do anything?" Sara asked when she saw him.

"Not yet," grumbled Ollie with a shrug.

Wednesday mornings meant a trip to the local swimming pool. Every week, someone moaned about how cold it was in the pool.

When they arrived there, everyone headed for the changing rooms. As the class began to get changed, Ollie felt his feet start to sweat. They got warmer and warmer. Hotter and hotter. He changed into his trunks as he wiggled his toes around inside his socks. He danced about feeling like he was walking over fire.

He was about to pull off the socks when he had a better idea. All the others had gone from the changing rooms through to the pool. Ollie followed on his tiptoes, not wanting to press down on the soles of his feet.

Getting closer to the pool, he could hear Sara and the twins, Carissa and Camilla, squealing to each other as they sat shivering on the poolside. They were all dipping their toes in the freezing cold water.

Still wearing his socks, Ollie reached them and sat on the edge next to Sara. He dipped his feet in the cooling water and sighed happily. The water soon bubbled and steamed like a hot tub.

"Wow!" Sara cried with a smile. "That's great – you've warmed up the whole pool!"

"My red socks have super **hot** powers," Ollie said.

The rush of water around his socks was the only thing stopping his feet from feeling like they were baking in an oven. He felt cooler but everyone else had warmed up. The twins splashed about, happy to get wet.

Miss Janowski blew her whistle as the swimming teacher was ready to start the lesson.

"You could just take the socks off now, you know," suggested Sara.

"Oh yeah. Probably a good idea!" Ollie replied. He enjoyed the swimming lesson in the warm pool. Afterwards, when he put his school clothes back on, he stuffed his soggy, red socks into his bag to take home.

By Thursday, Ollie was a little nervous to see what adventures his socks would bring. He pulled a blue pair from the ones left. If red socks were super hot, he hoped that blue socks were not super cold. The last thing he wanted was freezing feet all day.

He was beginning to think that, maybe, the pictures on them were a clue.
If so, what could this picture mean?
It looked like some musical notes.

As always, there was just a tingle when he pulled the socks on. Walking to school, he first tried lifting his feet slowly to feel any difference. Then, he tried jumping and running. Nothing felt out of the ordinary... yet.

Everyone followed Miss Janowski from the playground and hung up their coats and bags inside. Ollie was about to step into the classroom when there was a strange trumpeting noise.

Everyone spun round to see what it was. The twins, Carissa and Camilla, both giggled.

Ollie looked down at his feet and, at once, felt his face flush with colour. He took another step, placing his foot down as carefully and gently as he could.

BRRRRRRRRP!

The noise vibrated from inside his shoe, longer and louder than before.

"Is that *you*?" asked Sara.

"Not exactly me – but I think it might be my socks," Ollie answered. "I guess we just found out what the blue pair do."

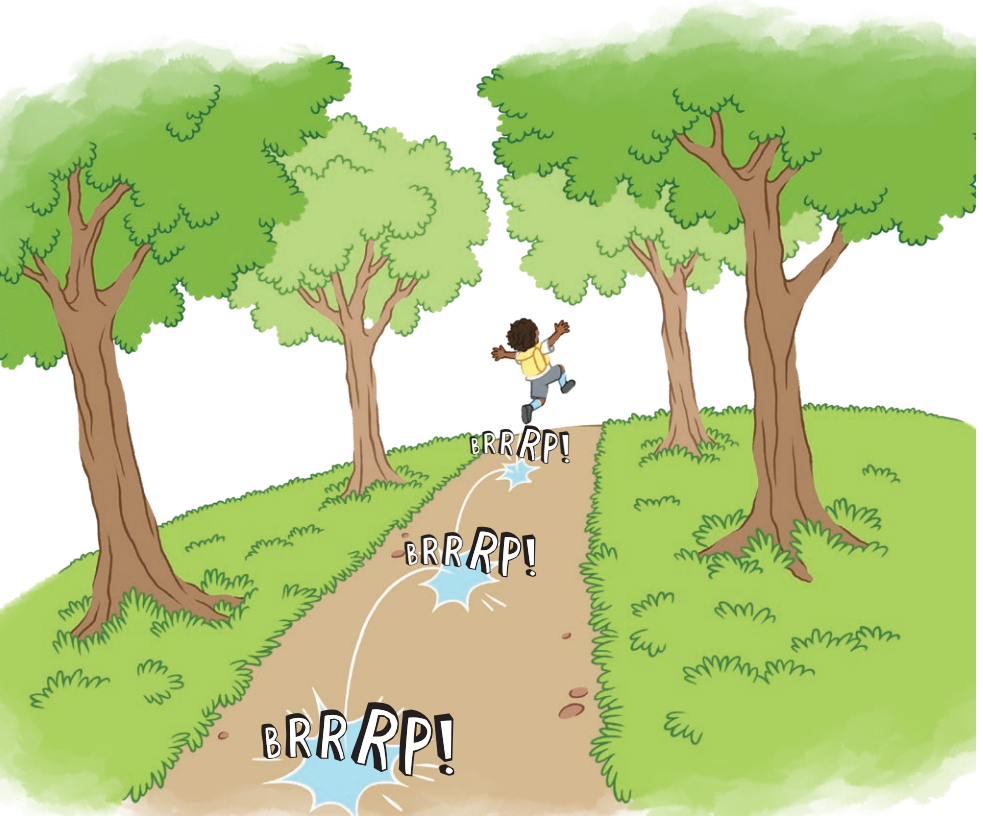
"Oh!" laughed Sara as they headed for their seats.

"BRRRRP!" went the socks again. Carissa and Camilla covered their mouths and giggled some more.

"This morning is our music lesson," said Miss Janowski. She began to hand out instruments. Camilla played a pair of shakers and Carissa a recorder. Only one tambourine was left for Sara and Ollie.

"You can have it," he said to Sara. "I don't think I need an instrument today!" Now, everyone laughed, including Ollie and Miss Janowski.

Thursday ended up being lots of fun. The class learnt to play along to a beat. Ollie tapped his feet all day with a "BRRRP! BRRRP!" – and carried on all the way home, too.



Finally, it was Friday. There was only one more pair of new socks to try and Ollie was excited to see what they might do. Friday's socks were the pink pair. They were decorated with a picture of a race flag.

There was hardly any time for the usual tingle and he was out of the bedroom door in a flash.

On the way to school, Mum couldn't keep up with him. Although Ollie was excited, it felt like his feet were moving faster than he meant them to – almost faster than the rest of his body could keep up with!

Carissa and Camilla were riding their bikes to school. Ollie breezed past Camilla, faster than she could pedal. He smiled and waved as he went by. The traffic was busy and moving slowly so Ollie was even quicker than some of

the cars. Mum shouted for him to slow down.

"What's happening with the socks today, Ollie?" called Carissa.

"Pink socks have super running powers!" he yelled as he went speeding past her. "No one will catch me today!"

At school, the only problem was keeping his feet still under the desk. It was like they wanted to carry on running, even when he was sitting down. Both feet danced around, legs crossing and uncrossing. From flat on the floor to his toes pointing up, there was no stopping his feet!

When lunchtime arrived, Ollie was first in the queue. However, he nearly missed out on apple pie for dessert because his feet wanted to whizz him straight past.

Outside, on the playground, he made use of his super speed by winning all the running races for the first time.

Afterwards, when the bell rang to go inside, Miss Janowski asked everyone to help collect all the equipment. Carissa fetched some skipping ropes and Camilla picked up a hula hoop.

Before Sara had managed to get even one of the coloured cones, Ollie had zoomed around collecting every other cone, three footballs, four skipping ropes and two hula hoops that had rolled to the far corner of the playground.

"Well done, Ollie! Thank you," Miss Janowski said.

It was probably his favourite pair of socks so far.

By the time the weekend arrived, Ollie was extremely tired. The birthday socks had definitely not been snoring boring, after all. For a rest, Saturday and Sunday were mostly days at home with bare feet. Although he did wear an older pair of socks, which didn't have bright colours, or pictures or superpowers.

When Monday was here again, all the new socks were washed and clean.

Excited, Ollie pulled on the green socks with the super jumping powers.

He bounced a little but they didn't feel springy at all. Not even a tingle.

He tried jumping but it was just a normal, little jump. Still no tingle.

He pulled off the green jumping socks and tried the fast, pink socks with the race flag, instead. No tingles in his feet. None at all. They didn't feel the same.

He tried the yellow elephant socks, even though he didn't really want heavy feet again. Nothing.

Ollie pulled on one pink sock and one green sock. Maybe at least one of them would start working after a while. It had taken a while each day for the powers to work so he crossed his fingers.

If he wore one of each, perhaps he'd be able to run really fast *and* jump really high. He hoped to have one of those superpowers back, at least. But then, he remembered – he was not even feeling the usual tingle.

"Ollie, do you know you have odd socks on today?" asked Sara when he got to school.

"Yes, thank you," he replied, looking down. His bottom lip stuck out and he folded his arms across his chest. "I think all of the socks might have lost their powers in the wash."

"What? No jumping, dragging, warming, trumpeting, running or *anything*?"

"No. I don't think so. Maybe the superpower sock adventure is over," he sighed with a shrug.

The day felt a bit too, well, normal and a bit snoring boring. Ollie had forgotten what it felt like to have nothing at all happening to his feet. Several people did notice his odd socks. Carissa said that odd socks were such a fun idea.

Still, Ollie got home feeling very disappointed that there had been no superpowers. By bedtime, he was missing the excitement of the new socks more than ever. He wouldn't have even minded the super heavy power or the noisy pair.

As he climbed into bed, he noticed something shoved down the side of his bedside table. It was the cardboard belt that had been wrapped around all the socks. But there was something else.

Another pair flattened between layers of cardboard! There must have been six pairs, not five. An orange pair! Ollie's tummy flipped upside down and inside out at the sight of the socks.

As he grabbed them and turned them over in his hands, he saw that the picture was an octopus.

What could it mean?

"Whatever happens, these socks are *not* going in the washing machine," he said as he laid them out with his school clothes, ready to find out what the next morning would bring.

Puzzles and Fun

word unscramble
drow ancrumbles

Unscramble these words and then match them with the pictures on Ollie's socks.

care glaf
_____ _____

uns
____

cumis
_____

ethelpan
_____

grof
____

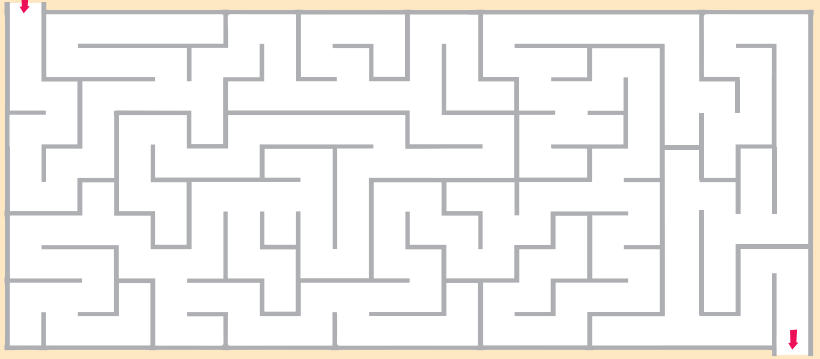
Spot the Difference

There are ten differences in the pictures below.

Can you spot them all?

Maze

Ollie wants to wear his spotty socks today.



Can you help him find them?

Puzzles and Fun - Answers

word unscramble

drow ancrumbles

care glaf
race flag

uns
sun

cumis
music

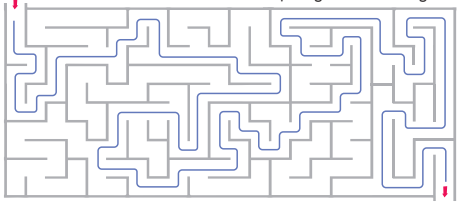
ethelpan
elephant

grof
frog

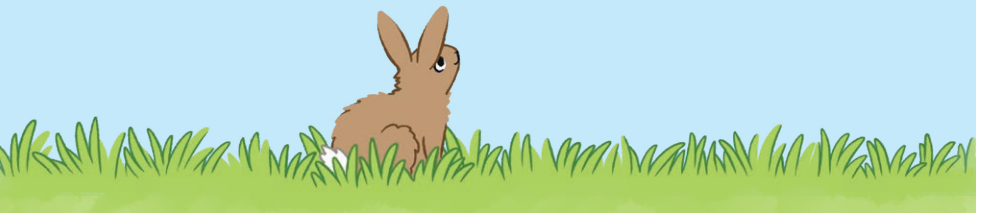
Spot the Difference

Maze

Ollie wants to wear his spotty socks today.



Can you help him find them?



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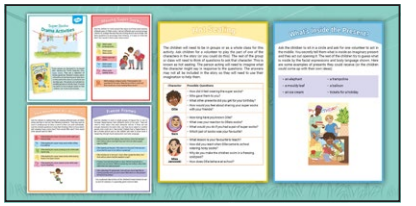

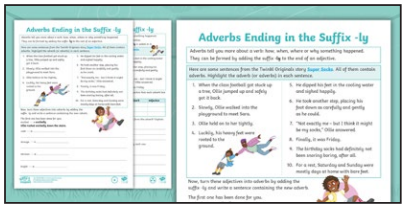

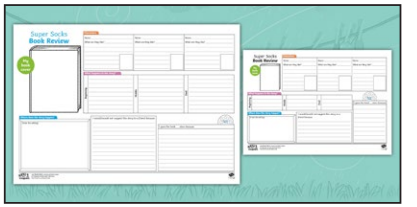

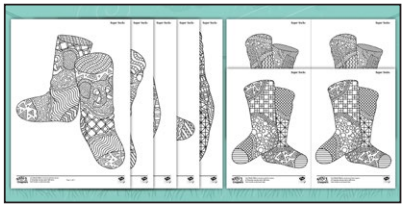

It's Ollie's birthday!

His last present is a pack of socks.

How snoring boring!

Zzzzzzzz...

But, when he puts on the first pair, he gets a big surprise.

Ollie can't wait to try the next pair!

What new adventure will each pair of socks bring?

Are you ready to 'Leap into Chapters'?

These lively short stories, packed with colourful pictures, are perfect for reading all by yourself. Follow the characters on their exciting adventures and then try the fun activities at the end.

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